CHAPTER XV. FEW minutes later the Sheik left him and went out into the night. He traversed the short distance between the tents slowly, stopping to speak to a sentry, and then pausing outside his own tent to look up at the stars. The Persian hound that always slept across the entrance uncurled himself and got up, thrusting a wet nose into his hand. The Sheik fondled the huge creature absently, stroking the dog's shaggy head mechanically, hardly conscious of what he was doing. A great restlessness that was utterly foreign to his nature had taken possession of him. He had been aware of it growing within him for some time becoming stronger dally, and now the coming of Raoul de Saint Hubert seemed to have put the crowning touch to a state of mind that he was unable to understand. He had never been given to thinking of himself, or criticising or analyzing his passing whims and fancies. All his life he had taken what he wanted; nothing on which he had ever laid his eyes of desire had been denied him. His wealth had brought him everything he had ever wished. His passionate temper had been characteristic even when he was a child, but these strange fits of unreasonable irritability were new, and he searched for a cause vainly. His keen eyes looked through the darkness toward the south. Was it the nearness of his hereditary enemy, who had presumed to come closer than he had ever done before to the border of the country that Ahmed Ben Hassan regarded as his own, that was causing this great unrest? He laughed contemptuously Nothing would give him greater pleasure than coming into actual collision with the man whom he had been trained from boyhood to hate. As long as Ibraheim Omair remained within his own territory Ahmed Ben Hassan held his hand and kept in check his fierce followers, whose eyes were turned longingly toward the denatable land, but once let the robber Shelk step an inch over the border and it was war, and war until one or both of the chiefs were dead. And if he died who had no son to succeed nim, the huge tribe would split up in numerous little families for want of a eader to keep them together, and it would be left to the French Govern ment to take over, if they could, the vast district that he had governed despotically. And at the thought he aughed again. No, it was not Ibraneim Omair who was troubling him. He pushed the hound aside and wen nto the tent. The divan where Diana camp, with the Eastern disregard for her as she curled up on the divan with had been sitting was strewn with time that relegated till to-morrow Kopec, who had followed her into the magazines and papers, the imprint of everything that could possibly be neher slender body still showed in the glected to-day. Near her one of the serious this time. It is a history of soft, heaped-up cushions, and a tiny, older men, more rigid in his observ- this very curious tribe of Ahmed's. ace-edged handkerchief peeped out ances than the generality of Ahmed They are different in so many ways and looked at it curiously, and his absorbed in his devotions, was placidly from ordinary Arabs. They have been forehead contracted slowly in savy black scowl. He turned his the sublime lack of self-consciousness burning eyes toward the curtains that of the Mohammedan devotee. divided the rooms. Saint Hubert's words rang in his ears. "English!" he

### CHAPTER XVI.

IANA came into the living room one morning about a She had expected to find the room empty, for the Shelk had risen at dawn and ridden away on one of his friend had accompanied him, but as she parted the curtains between the two rooms she saw the Frenchman sitting at the little writing table surrounded by papers and writing. the first time that they had chanced to be alone, and she hesitated with a sudden shyness. But Saint Hubert lessly round the world with had heard the rustle of the curtain, and he sprang to his feet with the courteous bow that proclaimed his na-

"Your pardon, Madame. Do I disturb you? Tell me if I am in the I am afraid I have been very he added, laughing apoloretically, and looking at the heap of closely written sheets strewing the

Diana came forward slowly, a faint color rising in her face. "I thought ou had gone with Monseigneur." "I had some work to do-some notes that I wanted to transcribe defore I forgot myself what they woman in the dominant man ruling meant; I write vilely. I have had a hard week, too, so I begged a day off.

The old Arab had finished his i may stay? You are sure I do not prayers and rose leisurely from his prayers and rose leisurely from his prayers.

expected lump into her throat. She nod of recognition from her. filled the air. A knot of Arabe at a a hasty retreat into the tent. little distance were watching one of She paused beside the rough-riders schooling a young it another novel?" vice freely, undeterred by the indif- of manuscript. with which it was received. Others lounged past engaged on the arms on the rail, twirling a fountain without him. He builted me when we various duties connected with the pen between his fingers and smiled at were past together at least the

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

DIANA MAYO, nineteen, beautiful, aristocratic English girl, determines to make an expedition into the Arabian desert from Biskra. Her brother,

AUBREY MAYO, by whom she has been brought up, virtually as a boy, tries to dissuade her. So does

JIM ARBUTHNOT, who loves Diana and wants to marry her. At a ball given to celebrate her departure she tells him she has none of the feelings of a woman, has never been kissed and can obey no man. Her expedition into the desert is led by

MUSTAFA ALL, an Arab with a fine outfit of well-bred horses. Disturbing signs appear before the journey is a day old. Diana is captured by

SHE!K AHMED BEN HASSEN and taken a prisoner to his caravan, where she is subjected to his passionate attentions. Diana is served by an Arab maid and by

GASTON, a young Frenchman who has long been attached to the Sheik's entourage. Ahmed's attentions become so distasteful that Diana while out riding with Gaston runs away into the desert.



"YOUR PARDON, MADAME. DO I DISTURB YOU?"

the himself and fulfilling his ritual with

Outside his own tent the valet and muttered with a terrible oath. "And I have made her suffer as I swore any of that damned race should if they fell into my hands. Merciful Allah! Why does it give me so little he had been polishing the Vicomte's and then only-Allah."
riding boots. Both men were talking "Is Monseigneur a M rapidly with frequent little bursts o gay laughter. The Persian hound was lying at their feet. He raised his head as Diana appeared, and, rising, went to her slowly, rearing up against week after the arrival of her with a paw on each shoulder, the Vicomte de Saint Hu-making clumsy efforts to lick her face, and she pushed him down with difficulty, stooping to kiss his shaggy

She looked away across the deser the distant expeditions that had be- beyond the last palms of the oasis come so frequent, and she thought A haze hung round about, shimmer ing in the heat and blurring the outbreeze brought the acrid smell of camels closer to her, and the creaking whine of the tackling over the well sounded not very far away. Diana gave a little sigh. It had all grown ulckly, loose sheets of manuscript so familiar. She seemed to have lived littering the floor around him. It was no other life beside this nomad existence. The years that had gone before

faded into a kind of dim remembrance, the time when she had travelled cease brother seemed very remote. existed then, filling her life with sport, unconscious of the something that was lacking in her nature, and heart whose existence she had doubted was burning and throbbing with passion that was consuming her.

Her eyes swept lingeringly around the camp with a very tender light in them. Everything she saw was connected with and bound up in the man who was lord of it all. She was very proud of him, proud of his magnificent physical abilities, proud of his hold over his wild, turbulent followers. proud with the pride of primeval

knees, salaaming with a broad smile, His sympathetic eyes and the de- All the tribesmen smiled on her, and ference in his voice brought an un- would go out of their way to win a signed to him to resume his work and faltered a few words in stumbling passed out under the awning. He- Arabic in reply to his long, flowery hind the tent the usual camp hubub speech, and with a little laugh heat

She paused beside the Vicorate, "Is she asked shyly, noisily critical and offering ad- indicating the steadily increasing pile

He turned on his chair, resting his

tent. "No, Madame, Something more have beliefs and customs peculiarly their own. You may, for instance, have noticed the singular absence among them of the strict religious Henri were sitting in the sun, Gaston practices that hold among other Mo on an upturned bucket, cleaning a hammedans. Ahmed Ben Hassan's rifle, and his brother stretched full tribe worship first and foremost their length on the ground, idly flapping at Sheik, then the famous horses for the flies with the duster with which which they are renowned, and then

"Is Monseigneur a Mohammedan? Saint Hubert shrugged. "He be lieves in a God," he said evasively. turning to his writing.

Diama studied him curiously as he bent over his work. She smiled when she thought of the mental picture she had drawn of Saint Hubert before he came, and contrasted it with the real man under her eyes. During the week that he had been in the camp he had forced her liking and compelled her confidence by the sympathetic charm of his manner. He had carried off a difficult position with a delicacy and savoir faire that had earned him her gratitude. He had saved her a hundred humiliations with a tact that had been as spontaneous as it had been unobtrusive. And they had the bond between them of the common love they had for this strange leader of a strange tribe. What had been the origin of the friendship between these utterly dissimilar men-a friendship that seemed to go back to the days of their boyhood? The question intrigued her and she pondered over it, lying quietly on the divan, smoothing the hound's huge head resting on her

The Vicomte wrote rapidly for som time and then flung down his pen with an exclamation of relief, gathered up the loose sheets from the floor and, stacking them in an orderly heap on the table, swung round on his chair again. He looked at the girl's slender little figure lying with the unsgainst the heaped-up cushions, her head, and he felt an unwented emo tion stirring in him. The quick sympathy that she had aroused from the first moment of seeing her had given place to a deeper feeling that moved him profoundly, and with it a chival rous desire to protect, a longing to able disaster that loomed inevitably

ahead of her. She felt his concentrated gaze and "You have done your looked up.

"All I can do at the moment. Henri must unravel the rest; he has a passion for hieroglyphics. valuable person; I could never get on with the pen between his fingers and, smiled at I were noys together at least that is

ing Monsieur le Vicomte,' and for the over me wholeheartedly." He laughed and snapped his fingers at Kopec, who whined and rolled his eyes in his direction, but did not lift his head from Diana's knee.

There was a pause, and Diana continued fondling the hound absently. "I have read your books, Monsieur, all that Monseigneur has here," she said at last, looking up gravely. He gave a little bow with a few murmured words that she did not

"Your novel interested me," she went on, still stroking the hound, as f the nearness of the great beast

helped her. "As a rule novels bore me, the sub jects they deal with have been of no interest to me, but this one gripped me. It is unusual, it is wonderful, but—is it real?" She had spoken lispassionately with the boyish can dor that was characteristic, not com-plimenting an author on a masterpiece but stating a fact simply, as

t appeared to her. Saint Hubert leaned forward ove. the back of his chair. "In what way —real?" he asked.

She looked at him squarely, "Do you think there really exists such a nan as you have drawn—a man who could be as tender, as unselfish, as althful as your hero?"

Saint Hubert looked away, and, picking up his pen, stabbed fdly at the blotting-pad, drawing meaningless circles and dots, with a slow shrug. The scorn in her voice and he sudden pain in her eyes hurt him. "Do you know such a man, Mon

sieur, or is he wholly a creature of our imagination?" she persisted. He completed a complicated dia-gram on the sheet of blotting paper sefore answering. 'I do know a man vho, given certain circumstances, has the ability to develop into such character," he said eventually in

She laughed bitterly. "Then you are luckier than I. I am not very old, but during the last five years have met many men of many naionalities, and I have never known ne who in any degree resembles the preux chevalier of your book The men who have most intimately ouched my life have not known the meaning of the word tenderness, and have never had a thought for any one beyond themselves. You have been nore fortunate in your acquaintances

A duil red crept into the Viscomfe' ace and he continued looking at the pen in his fingers. "Beautiful women Madame," he said slowly, "unfortu nately provoke in some men all that is basest and vilest in their natures. No nan knows to what depths of infamy he may stoop under the stress of

"And the woman pays," cried Diana chemently. "Pays for the beauty vehemently. "Pays for the beauty God curses her with—the beauty she may hate herself; pays until the beauty fades. How much"--- "She pulled herself up short, biting her ips. Moved by the sense of the sympathy that had unconsciously been influencing her during the past week and which had shaken the self-suppression that she had imposed upor herself, her tongue had run away with her. She was afraid of the confidence his manner was almost demand ing of her. Her pride restrained her from the compassion that her loneliness nearly yielded to.

"Excuse me," she said coldly, "my ideas cannot possibly interest you." "On the contrary, you interest me profoundly," he corrected quickly. She noticed the slight difference in

his words and laughed more bitterly than before. "As what?—a subject for vivisection? Get on your operating coat and bring your instruments without delay. The victim is all ready for you. It will be 'copy' for your nex

"Madame!" He had sprung to his feet, and she looked up at him miserably, her hand held out in swift contrition. "Oh, forgive me! I shouldn't have said that You haven't deserved it. You hav been-kind. I am grateful. Forgive me and my rudeness. It must be the heat, it makes one very irritable, don you think?"

He ignored her pitiful little aubter fuge and raised her outstretched, quivering fingers to his lips. "If you will honor me with your friendship." he said, with a touch of the old world chivalry that was often notice able in him, "my life is at your ser vice.

But as he spoke his voice changed The touch of her cold fingers sent a rush of feeling through him that for

an instant overpowered him. She let her hand lie in his, and for a few moments she avoided his eyes and looked down at the rough head in her lap. Then she met his gaze frankly. "Your offer is too rare a thing to put on one side. If you will he my friend, as you are Monsig-neur's friend"—— she faltered, turning her head away, and her fingers

lying in his trembled slightly.

He started and crushed the hand he was holding unknowingly, as the thought was forced on him. consciously graceful attitude of a child seigneur's friend! He realized that in against the heaped-up cushions her the last few moments he had forgotface bent over the dog's rough, gray ten the Sheik, had forgotten every thead, and he felt an unwanted area thing, swept off his feet by an intense emotion that staggered him with its unexpectedness, except the loveliness and helplessness of the girl be-side him. His head was reeling; his calmness, his loyalty, his earlier feel ings of dispussionate pity had given stand between her and the irremedio overwhelm him. His heart bear furiously and he clenched his teeth. fighting to regain his usual sangfroid. The emotional temperamen that Diana had divined from his nove had sprung uppermost with a bound, overthrowing the rigid repression of

> adness that had come upon bit (To Be Centinued)

years. The blood beat in his cars &

SOLDIER DISCHARGES END WIFE PROBLEM

Fraulens Find the Dollar Considerably Smaller in Its Own Country. PORTLAND, Me., May 22 (Copy

right). - The problem of German wives of American soldiers has been solved in large degree by the rapid discharge of the husbands from the army. Probably 60 per cent. of the doughboys who brought wives back with them on the transport Cantigny and were landed here have obtaine their discharge.

Even this solution has not been reached, however, without bitter tears on the part of the former frauleinstears of disappointment upon discovering how pitiful the American dollar is in its own country compared with its sovereign sway in the fatherland.

Confronted as they have been by the sudden plunge from German affluence to American poverty, the girl wives nevertheless have been too proud to accept other charity than quarters at the Y. W. C. A. The local Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary Club and other organizations started to raise a fund to help set the young couples up in housekeeping, but encountered a sturdy spirit of indepen dence which made it inadvisable t proceed very far.

## FRANCE DEDICATES BELL

LANDRICOURT-SOUS-COUCY. France, May 22 (Associated Press).— Impressive ceremonies marked the dedication here yesterday of the church bell given to this war-torn village in honor of the American soldier poet, Alan Seeger, by the Poetry Society of Amer-

lea through the American Committee for Devastated France.

The bell is one of thirty similar tokens given to as many villages by the American Committee to replace those taken by the Germans, all in memory of prominent soldiers who fell near the villages so honored. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seeger, father and mother of the dead poet, attended yesterday's

#### ASK \$1,000,000 FOR RUSSIA. Jewish Workers Start Drive to Provide Tools.

half day's salary had been pledged to start the drive by the delegates at their convention in Cleveland. This, it said, would amount to \$200,000.

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To open a \$1,000,000 tool and implement drive for Kussia, a dinner was held last evening in the Central Opera House, East 67th Street, by the Jewish People's Relief Committee. About 200

were present.
Alexander Kahn, Chairman, an-nounced on behalf of the International Ladles' Garment Workers' Union that a

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